

## THE WORLD.

Published by the Free Press Publishing Co.  
SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 28.  
SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION (Including Postage),  
PER MONTH, 50c.; PER YEAR, \$3.50.  
VOL. 28.....NO. 9,748

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class mail matter.

Circulation Books and Press Room  
OPEN TO ALL.

THE CIRCULATION OF THE  
EVENING EDITION  
OF  
THE WORLD  
for the week ending Saturday, April 21, was as follows:

MONDAY.....	96,200
TUESDAY.....	100,680
WEDNESDAY.....	106,580
THURSDAY.....	106,800
FRIDAY.....	103,300
SATURDAY.....	100,920

Average for the entire  
Month of March.....106,201

THE EVENING WORLD has a larger circulation than any Evening paper printed in English and is not afraid to publish its figures or open its books to the public.

THE SUNDAY WORLD to-morrow will be "a corker." It will contain more matter than an ordinary two-dollar book, and besides covering the news of the earth will give a large amount and spicy variety of entertaining reading. BILL NYE's touching tale on "May-Day Moving" will strike as many responsive chords as can be awakened on a "harp of a thousand strings."

## DEATH'S ANGLING.

The highest merits of a cartoon are its truthfulness and timeliness. How truthful and pat was THE WORLD's striking cartoon picturing Death angling for his victims from a telegraph pole, with an electric wire in his bony hand, was again proved by the instantaneous killing of a young German on the Bowery last night.

It would seem that everybody ought to know enough not to touch voluntarily and needlessly, as this young man did, the death-dealing wires. But every day brings its proof that this knowledge and caution are very far from universal.

An electric light company ought to be made to suffer for placing lamps within reach of persons on the street. Are the wires never to go underground?

## OIL AND WATER.

The capital of the Standard Oil Trust is \$90,000,000, according to Secretary FLAGLER, and the market value of the stock, \$50,000,000 more.

This is a refutation of the maxim that "oil and water won't mix." Not one-half of this \$140,000,000 represents money actually expended or invested in the business.

The average earnings upon this enormous capitalization, according to Mr. FLAGLER, have been 13 per cent. And yet the corporation organs cite the relatively low price of oil as a sufficient justification of this gigantic monopoly.

The people don't see it in that light.

## DEWEY SEES THE BARS.

CHAUNCEY DEWEY, one of the cleverest as well as the most amiable and eloquent of Americans, evidently doesn't take much stock in the attempt to boom him for the Presidency.

In his speech at the Grant Birthday banquet last night Mr. DEWEY mentioned it as a notable fact that "though we are the only purely industrial nation in the world, we have never selected a President from among the great business men of the country." And then he added the significant remark that "the conditions and prejudices of success present insuperable obstacles to such a choice."

Well, there are prejudices against elevating railroad Presidents to the White House, and DEWEY is too smart not to know it.

## BRAINS PLAY BALL.

It takes something besides muscle, wind and pluck to play baseball nowadays. As in war it is the "thinking bayonet" that wins, other things being anywhere near equal, so in the American game it is generally brains that succeed.

The truth of this was illustrated in the smatching of a victory by strategy—a quick, bold conception swiftly and intelligently carried out—by Evans in yesterday's game with the Philadelphia.

When quick wit supplements good physical qualities and perfect technique, then is "great ball" played.

The accident on the Brooklyn Bridge yesterday, due to a conductor's carelessness, serves to emphasize the fact of the remarkable safety of its system and management. The transportation of 90,000,000 people with no fatal accident heretofore shows that riding over the bridge is safer than walking the streets.

Signatures to the petition to the Governor to veto the bill cutting down the Saturday half holidays two-thirds will be perfectly good if written on Sunday. "The better the day the better the deed." Push the petitions!

The strange experience of bridegroom-elect O'Connell should teach gay young bucks to take a trusty friend with them when they go to bid adieu to bachelor delights.

## GOOD THINGS FOR SUNDAY.

Lettuce, 5 and 10 cents.  
Shallots, 15 cents a quart.  
Lemons, 15 cents a dozen.  
Tomatoes, 15 cents a quart.  
Wax beans, 50 cents a quart.  
White turnips, 5 cents a bunch.  
Imported fig paste, 50 cents a pound.  
California fruit confects, 50 cents a pound.  
Hot-house cauliflower, 50 cents; Southern, 25 cents.  
Kennebec salmon, 45 to 75 cents a pound. Pompano, 35 cents.

## ON JERSEY CITY'S PAY-ROLL.

Fire Chief Farrier was a member of the old New York Volunteer Department.  
Street Commissioner Damont wears a military slouch hat while traveling about the city.

Mike Nathan has a lovely tenor voice, an infallible after-dinner entertainer to his friends.  
Lamp Inspector "Tony" Cook and Capt. Moses Newton are the biggest men on the pay-roll of the Police Department.

President Davis, of the Police Board, is an old detective, and is now President of the State Detective Association.  
Supt. John Speicher, of the Fire Alarm service, spends all his spare moments in perfecting his system. His inventions have wrought great changes in the old cumbersome system.

## HELLO! BROOKLYN!

Charles P. Pearson is out in the "new suit" brigade.

C. H. Smith hardly looks like the father of a three-year-old.

Dick R. Smith, Clerk of Justice Walsh's Court, is a great favorite.

James Cowen, dressed exquisitely, is to be seen on the street daily.

Charlie Powers may be seen crossing the bridge every day, and his families still attract general attention.

Jack McManis is one of the happiest men in Brooklyn. He says the bridegrooms are sure to come out ahead.

Ex-Alderman Hadley, between instructing the barber how to shave and the bootblack how to shine, seems to have a hard time of it.

"Good morning, Walter." "Good morning."

"Understand you are a father." "Yes, dearie, but I don't think so." And Mr. Hunt goes on his way smiling.

## FIFTEENTH DISTRICT WIGWAGS.

Alderman Richard Sullivan never misses a meeting of the Board.

"I fight mit Tammany Hall," is Louis Schneider's favorite saying.

John H. McCoy has grown handsome under the trim of a new silk hat.

Wonder who presented little Tommy J. Tully with a gold-headed cane?

Oh, here comes a darning broom of a man. He is William G. Bryant—have you seen him?

No one can question that Michael Smith is the model modest man of the district.

G. Washington Calkins is ready to tackle Patrick Farrell in a Greek-Roman struggle.

Ex-Alderman Alderman Eddie Brooks has obtained a patent for solidified chowder.

Nicholas Meagher is admired for his beautiful hair. He used a curry-comb when a lad.

Councillor Joseph H. Stiner would feel lonely without his boutonniere and eye-glasses.

Capt. Owen Woods has become a property-owner, and his friends are on the borrow.

Have you heard the news? John McCormick has had a sawtooth-tail built by contract labor.

Dennis Duff is no duffer in concocting a mixed drink that reaches the cave in a man's stomach.

George Blanks never tires of telling how he walked home from the last Saratoga Convention.

Ex-Assemblyman John R. McGoldrick is preparing a history of the district for Harper's Monthly.

Frank Merkle wants to know why the Growlers always use their left hands in raising a glass of beer.

## WORLDLINGS.

The youngest cowboy in the world is Logan Mulhall. He is only six years old, but he owns and manages a herd of over a hundred cattle in the Cheyenne Nation and is worth \$1,200 in his own right, and his profits this year will probably reach \$500.

The oldest resident of Dakota is Cornelius O'Leary, who lives near Bismarck and is 114 years of age. He was born in Ireland, and did not come to this country until he had passed threescore and ten. He reads without glasses and votes the Democratic ticket.

The Rev. George Barnes, the famous evangelist from the mountains of Kentucky, is a man of striking appearance. He is now sixty years old, is fully six feet tall, and his straight, vigorous form shows no sign of the stoop that comes from age. His face shows strength of character and earnestness in every line.

Two of the best-known bank Presidents of St. Paul married women with Indian blood in their veins, and the children of these unions are among the most esteemed people of the city. Such marriages were not uncommon in the Northwest in the pioneer days, before white women began to come to the frontier.

Chan Ling, a Chinaman, was received into membership of the fashionable Immanuel Baptist Church, in Chicago, a few nights ago. He is the first Chinaman to be united with the Baptist denomination in Chicago, although the Methodists in that city and one belongs to the Presbyterian Church.

The daily life of Alexander Dumas is a model of regularity. He is out of bed by 6.30 in summer and not later than 7 in winter. His first breakfast consists of a glass of milk, and the second, which occurs at noon, is a very plain meal. He dines at 7 and usually in bed by 10. Every day he takes a walk of some length. All his work is done before 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

A Chicago man named Dean is lecturing on a theory of evolution that annihilates Darwin. He believes that man is a development from plants through the brute kind. The Chinaman, he says, sprang from an alligator, the alligator from a pine log and the pine from electricity in the earth. The negro came from the gorilla, the Englishman from the bulldog, the Irishman from the terrier and the German from the goose.

These Cruel Medical Students.  
(From a Poet.)  
(Doctor Carver has disappointed his girls class to dine with a wealthy patient.)  
Butler (reappearing after answering the front door-bell)—Doctor, dear, 's a specimen outside what he came like you told him all at hospital service, say Mrs. Lenox Hill will 's see you right away.

At that time there was no law on this point. Now there is one which bids the Fire Department to notify the Building Department when their duties are finished to look after such matters as this.

## FIRE RESCUERS;

OR,  
MEN OF MERIT.

By  
John McLoose

Assistant Chief of Fire Department.  
(Continued.)

(WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE EVENING WORLD.)

HE crowd watched the whole proceeding with breathless interest and the greatest enthusiasm. It was a dangerous thing to attempt.

If he were to slip from the hands of the men who held him by the heels he would certainly splutter the sidewalk with his brains.

There was nothing we could hold under him, because the men had taken the cover from the patrol wagon and tried to spread it under the window, thinking the man would jump, and a coal box had prevented their holding it so it would do much good as a jumping blanket. Consequently nothing could be done to prevent Clayton, if he were to be dropped, from striking the sidewalk.

He got a good grip of the man under the arms and hollered to the men to pull them back. It was quite a strain on them to hold the dead weight of two men for two or three minutes even. Fortunately no more time was required than that. The interest of the spectators increased as they saw the men in the window holding on to Clayton for all they were worth, and Clayton keeping a firm grip on his man.

Fortunately no accident occurred. The man in the nightgown was helped into the window, and then they pulled in Clayton. He was not hurt and suffered no worse harm than getting very red in the face from being held head downward. He breathed a little quicker from the strain it had been to hold the man whom he had wanted.

He came downstairs with him, and brought him over to me. "Here he is!" he said triumphantly. But in a quiet tone of voice. The crowd of bystanders applauded his feat, and showed a generous admiration for his pluck. But Luke Clayton was a modest man who had done the thing simply from a sense of duty.

They tried to get them to go down. It was one of the best rescues I have ever seen, I think, and the element of personal risk was very great. Thus, of course, always enhances any deed like this, and the amount of danger undergone is really more to the credit of the person who incurs it than is the number of persons he may rescue.

What had surprised me most was to see the quick way in which Clayton had taken in the situation and set about his scheme for rescuing the endangered man. He was such a quiet, unassuming fellow.

Everybody thought he would get the Bennett medal for his rescue. But it was awarded to a fireman who had got three or four people out of a big fire. Clayton did not fail to secure recognition for his work, however.

He belonged to Farnham Post of the G. A. R. When they heard about what he had done, as he did not get the official annual medal which the department confers for merit of this distinguished kind, they got him up a medal themselves commemorating the event. It was a handsome medal of gold, and Clayton wears it now with no little satisfaction. It is doubly valued, inasmuch as it shows an appreciation of his courageous exploit, and is, moreover, the spontaneous tribute from friends and comrades.

This is a more satisfactory recognition of one's services than is always obtained. At a fire on this same street the heat had driven four women back to their room on the fourth floor. They were huddled together, cowering with fright in the room.

The fire had been pretty well quenched, but the top of the house was charged with a good deal of smoke and steam. The firemen in looking around in the ruins to see if there was any one left in them, found the quartet almost insensible with fear.

They tried to get them to go down. But whether they thought the place below was on fire or what was in their minds, they refused to go down. So the firemen made them take hold of hands, and then one pulled in front and two or three pushed behind, and in this way the women were brought safely down to the street.

One would have supposed they would have felt grateful for being helped out of the smoky place. They didn't, or at least if they did, their gratitude did not prevent them from wanting to lodge a complaint against the firemen for roughness.

Because they were foolish as to want to stick in their room in the burning house, and made it impossible to rescue them without some little force, the firemen were to be held to account for the way they had saved them! This was consoling to the firemen.

Things are, of course, much more systematic than they were in the old days. I remember at a large fire in Centre street a factory a number of lives were lost. The bodies were lying amid the debris of the fire. The Fire Department contended that it was the expense of the Department to look after the bodies, while the Department of Buildings maintained that this belonged to the Fire Department.

As they could not settle the point the bodies remained there for two days unattended to. Finally the citizens got aroused about the matter and got up a subscription list to defray the expense of having the bodies dug out and interred.

At that time there was no law on this point. Now there is one which bids the Fire Department to notify the Building Department when their duties are finished to look after such matters as this.

At the Hall Game.  
(From a Washington Critic.)  
He (exactly)—By Jove, did you see that left fielder catch that fly?

She (pettishly)—Of course I didn't. I don't see how you can see a fly so far away, when it is all in front of you, and you see the poor little fly, anyway, John, when they catch them?

It keeps them busy.  
(From the Birmingham Republic.)  
"Sea urchins" are said to be the most toothsome article of food found under the water. In some localities thousands of factories are sea urchin for them.

The Latest Fad.  
(From the Washington Critic.)  
It's a custom long in use. At least so rumor tells. The fashion is wearing this garters on the left.

But now there comes a newer fad, and fashion's lovely martyrs, Resolved to be in style or die, Put belts upon the garters.

Here for Business or Pleasure.  
The Victoria has Henry W. Daniels, of Boston, for one of its guest to-day.

The Gilbey House starts the day with the names of J. O. Henning, of Chicago, and A. Pope, of Virginia, on its list of guests to-day.

The Statute has among its arrivals this morning, S. H. Hayes, of Milwaukee, and Rodney Smith, of El Paso.

The Windsor's blotter says that Joshua Merrill, of Boston, and E. H. Tilton, of San Francisco, are enjoying life in the metropolis.

P. H. Goodyear, of Buffalo, N. Y., and William McMaster, of Montreal, are on a chance to inspect the Hoffman's art galleries to-day.

Registered at the Union Square Hotel to-day are William Harris, of Boston; George A. Biskalee, of Watbury, and C. Knott, of Hartford.

I. D. West, one of a party of gentlemen from London, and Sidney A. Byass, of New South Wales, will take their Sunday dinner at the Brunswick.

Putting up at the Hotel Dan are H. C. Hayes, of Cleveland; R. A. Anderson, of London; A. D. Ayres, of Bridgeport, and Wolcott H. Macfarlane, of New London.

Recent arrivals at the Morton House are Wm. Thornton, of Charleston; J. W. McLaughlin, of Montreal; J. W. Need, of Middletown, and H. H. Hinkle, of Boston.

S. T. Hanger, who is one of the Territorial fashions of Montana, besides being a millionaire, heads the Fifth Avenue list of arrivals to-day. Dr. W. A. Wilson, of St. Louis, has the freedom of the same hotel.

## HER WAGES STILL DUE HER.

Suit of a Servant Girl Who Took Her Mistress's Property as Security.

Emily Conroy, a servant, and Mrs. Mary Skiff, her former employer, in Civil Justice Jerome's Court to recover \$38 for wages due.

The defendant admitted that she owed the defendant some money, but accused her of stealing silverware, jewelry and other articles valued at \$70.

The defendant declared that she took the property as security for her wages and had been acquitted of wrongful motives in a police court.

Justice Jerome gave judgment for the defendant.

## YIELDS BY FAR THE BEST HARVEST.

The Great Crowd Collected in Grand Street by an "Evening World" Advertisement.

The business man who advertises and the dealer who does not advertise, may be set down as no business man—no alert to the spirit of the times, and there is a strong tendency to the starting in advertisement, sitting to that spirit. On Thursday R. Stern & Son, the manufacturing clothiers at 456 and 460 Grand street, announced in THE EVENING WORLD that they would sell next day, from 5 to 5 P. M., knee trousers for youngsters at blue cents per pair.

THE EVENING WORLD reporter visited the locality yesterday afternoon. He found a big policeman vainly endeavoring to keep a big crowd of men and women, each clutching from one to three boys, that the door of Stern's store was locked.

While the store was a similar crowd collected in the vestibule. Half a dozen clerks were busily dealing out trousers from a pile of 3,000 trousers from the latter shop in Delancy street. The trousers have been sold heretofore at 25 cents. The buyers were mainly from the poorer families of the neighborhood, and of the little fellows were in need of the new clothes. Thanks to the plan indicated above of admitting one as many as a time as could be comfortably accommodated, there was no tramping of children under foot, and while all were served when 5 o'clock arrived, much good was done by the scheme.

The younger Mr. Stern says that THE EVENING WORLD yields by far the best harvest to the advertiser in comparison with its contemporaries.

## Baseball for Poor Boys.

As I was passing through City Hall Park this noon I saw some bootblacks and newsboys playing ball and amusing themselves in general when up comes a policeman and chases them away.

Do you not think something could be done to give them allowed to play ball in the park?

I hope that your interesting paper may do this, as it has done other things for the people, especially for the poor and the workers.

## FUN FOR AFTER DINNER.

Where They Had Met.  
(From a New York Critic.)  
Judge (to prisoner)—It seems to me that I have seen your face before.  
Prisoner—I shouldn't be surprised, Judge. I used to send her down at the Jail Eagle.

The Premium Humorous.  
(From the Nebraska Star-Journal.)  
"Qumby, how do you think is the greatest American humorist?"

"Well, I think you are about as good as any of them."

"Thanks. For a fact, I believe I have quite a talent in that direction."

"No doubt of it."

"When did you first regard me as a humorist?"

"When you made your seventh promise to pay me what you owe me."

A Cautious Decision.  
(From the Omaha Herald.)  
She—Do you like Browning?  
He—Very much.

"I do not believe I shall ever tire of him. Do you think you ever will?"

"Well, I don't know. I used to think I'd never tire of him perfectly, but I don't."

He Felt Puffily at Home.  
(From Harper's Bazar.)  
Mrs. H.—Norah, I heard a man's voice in the kitchen last night; didn't I tell you that I did not like my girls to have company?

Norah—Yes'm, you did; but it was me that was in there, and you needn't make company of him at all.

At the Ball Game.  
(From a Washington Critic.)  
He (exactly)—By Jove, did you see that left fielder catch that fly?

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## WHO IS TO BLAME FOR THIS?

ANOTHER CASE OF INSTANT DEATH FROM AN ELECTRIC SHOCK.

Young Frederick Witte touches a Low Hanging Lamp in Front of a Bowery Store With Fatal Result—The Subway Commission Has Power to Regulate the Hanging of These Lamps in the Streets.

Another case of homicide, for which some body should be held legally responsible, occurred at 200 Bowery last evening.

Frederick Witte, aged twenty-three years, a clerk for his uncle, L. Schlesinger, whose tailoring establishment is in the number mentioned, was the victim. He had been in the habit of touching one of three electric light lamps which hung within easy reach in front of the store and receiving slight shocks.

Although warned frequently not to handle the lamps, he grasped one of them last evening and in an instant the subtle fluid had coursed through his body and he was dead.

He clung to the framework for nearly a minute, during which time his contortions were dreadful to behold. It was discovered after the body was removed from the Elizabeth street station-house to the Bowery, that the victim had been struck by the electric current.

The lamp was on the circuit of the United States Illuminating Company, but none of the officials of the Stanton street plant of the company would talk with an EVENING WORLD reporter who sought to interview them concerning the danger of low-hanging electric lamps.

Killing by electricity is becoming too frequent of late to be called accidental. Corner Nugent, who has the case, is expected to thoroughly investigate and see that the criminal negligence is charged on the responsible parties.

In the Bowery and on the west side in particular there are hundreds of electric lights hung within easy reach of any person who may be passing. It is necessary to a tall man could not pass without coming in contact with them.

Some of the more dangerous are those in front of Nos. 10, 12, 22, 32, 32, 52, 74, 82, 102, 109, 110, 139, 142, 160, 170, 177, 178, 189 and 204 Bowery.

It is clearly criminal carelessness to allow those death-traps so near the sidewalk. A well-known Bowery merchant, this morning.

There is no municipal ordinance or State statute regulating the hanging of electric lamps.

The Subway Commission has full control of this matter and can require the necessary protection to life on the part of the electric lighting companies, but Mayor Hewitt has obstinately blocked all efforts of the commission to perform its duties conferred by statute.

If the Subway Commission fails to act, there is a splendid chance for some Albany legislator to do a grand act for humanity by securing the passage of a law that will compel the electric lighting companies to have some regard for human life.

Coroner Levy and a jury will on Tuesday inquire into the cause of death of Meyer Streifer, who was killed at 7 East Broadway on April 14 by a shock from an electric-light wire.

Mr. Gerry's Agents Still Searching for Them—What Pearl Eyttinge Says.

The statement made exclusively in THE EVENING WORLD as to Lawyer Marshall's search for Ann O'Delia's children was emphatically true. Little Alice and Dodo are still missing, and the officers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children can obtain no clue to their whereabouts.

President Ellbridge T. Gerry was seen at the Society's office this morning by an EVENING WORLD reporter. He said it was quite true his men were very anxious to find the Dis Debar children, but he was very sorry the matter had got to the